

Good Sir, you wrong your Britches,

Pleasantly discoursed by a witty Youth, and a wily Werich.
To the tune of Oh no,no,no,not yet : Or, I'le never loue thee more.



A Yong man and a Lasse of late,
within a Garden Ally,
As Cupid had commanded him,
began to court and dallie:
She bade him haue a speciall care,
he fell into no Ditches,
For so, (quoth she) the prouerbe sayes,
good Sir, you'le wrong your Britches.

Thou art my onely dearest loue,
the Yongman then replide:
I will vny thee a silken gowne,
a Petticoate beside,
A Burre lato with Silver Lace,
with gallant golden Stitches.
In doing so, good Sir, (quoth she)
you well may wrong your Britches.

Wee le walk about the Meddowes greene,
each Summer morning early.
Forbeare (quoth she) 'tis better farre,
amongst greene Pease and Barly.
Where if you will a peasing goe,
you must take vp no Fitches:
Lest those that owe the Pescod field,
doe say you wrong your Britches.

I'll give thee all my Ewes and Lambs,
and Wine unto thy Dary.
To keepe the hoznes vout selfe (quoth she)
I hope you will be warie.
For they will serue you passing fit,
to be your hauf-hold riches,
Where if you goe to bozwo boznes,
you'le greatly wrong your Britches.

The Minstrell of our towne shall play
thee still thy moraings Dittie.
Good Sir (quoth she) I want rewards,
for one that is so wittie.
For when I heare your musike sound,
my fingers alwaies itches,
To crowne you with a Fidlers fee:
you wrong (good Sir) your Britches.

Wee le feede no moze on Barly broth,
the Grape's a sweeter dyet.
Too deepe a take (quoth she) will bring,
your bodie out of quiet,
And vex you with tormenting gripes,
of many rumbling Stitches:
That you will be constrain'd (good Sir)
at last to wrong your Britches.

Good Sir, you wrong your Britches,

Pleasantly discoursed by a witty Youth, and a wily Werich.
To the tune of Oh no,no,no,not yet : Or, I'le never loue thee more.



A Yong man and a Lasse of late,
within a Garden Ally,
As Cupid had commanded him,
began to court and dallie:
She bade him haue a speciall care,
he fell into no Ditches,
For so, (quoth she) the prouerbe sayes,
good Sir, you'le wrong your Britches.

Thou art my onely dearest loue,
the Yongman then replide:
I will vny thee a silken gowne,
a Petticoate beside,
A Burre lato with Silver Lace,
with gallant golden Stitches.
In doing so, good Sir, (quoth she)
you well may wrong your Britches.

Wee le walk about the Meddowes greene,
each Summer morning early.
Forbeare (quoth she) 'tis better farre,
amongst greene Pease and Barly.
Where if you will a peasing goe,
you must take vp no Fitches:
Lest those that owe the Pescod field,
doe say you wrong your Britches.

I'll give thee all my Ewes and Lambs,
and Wine unto thy Dary.
To keepe the hoznes vout selfe (quoth she)
I hope you will be warie.
For they will serue you passing fit,
to be your hauf-hold riches,
Where if you goe to bozwo boznes,
you'le greatly wrong your Britches.

The Minstrell of our towne shall play
thee still thy moraings Dittie.
Good Sir (quoth she) I want rewards,
for one that is so wittie.
For when I heare your musike sound,
my fingers alwaies itches,
To crowne you with a Fidlers fee:
you wrong (good Sir) your Britches.

Wee le feede no moze on Barly broth,
the Grape's a sweeter dyet.
Too deepe a take (quoth she) will bring,
your bodie out of quiet,
And vex you with tormenting gripes,
of many rumbling Stitches:
That you will be constrain'd (good Sir)
at last to wrong your Britches.

The Second part. To the same tune.



I leight, my Loue, in thy defens,
my weap ons at thy pleasure,
Wherat the wilie Wench reptire,
I doubt you le haue no leasure.
And so you will a dastard proue,
when as the field he pitches:
And coming thence soz feare away,
you much may wronge your Witches.

I am a lively Jouiall Lad,
and for thy sake will swagger:
Untill the ground looke blue (my Wench)
my wit shall never stagger.
Take heed (quoth she) lest Midas Alle
your drowlie pate bewitches:
For being drunke, then with your Punkie,
good Sir, you le wronge your Witches.

A Pot and Pipe is all my life,
soz this becomes a wooer:
Come, bonny Belle, let's coll and kisse,
I am no other dooer.
Hold off (quoth she) your hands are soule,
and all my cloathes be pitches;
For if you thus benioyle your selfe,
you le greatly wronge your Witches.

My dapple gray to beare thee hence,
shall soone be saddled finely:
To ride and runne for thee, my Loue,
so thou wilt bse me kindly.
But if you ride too fast (quoth she)
hee le throw vs into ditches:
And so shall I bemyer my selfe,
and you much wronge your Witches.

The Yongman at these wiley words,
in friendly manner smilid:
In that she had so cunningly,
his phostered loue beguiled.
But yet at last she tooke of him,
himselfe and all his riches:
And would no moze then scotting say,
(Good Sir) you wronge your Witches.

Thus Cupid is a wiley Lad,
and well his Wots can handle:
To make yong Wenches light their lamps,
to burne by Venus Candie.
For I am now in loue (quoth she)
this yong man me bewitches:
And I am verit that ere I said,
(Good Sir) you wronge your Witches.

At London printed for I. T.

FINIS.